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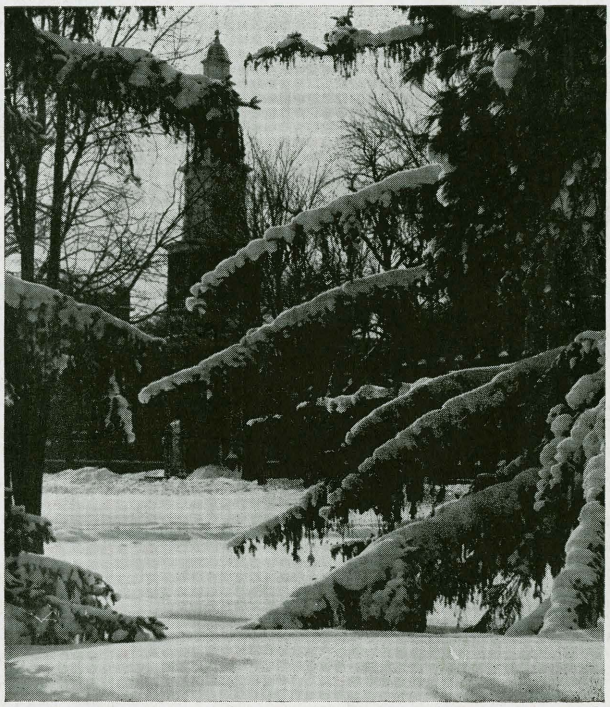
HAMILTON NEWS

DECEMBER 16, 1942

The Chapel



Merry Christmas

The Staff

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink. I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'"

"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile.* That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."

"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"

"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade'."

Then on opening night the crowd went wild . . .

(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"PINK" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once.* He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Volume I
No. 10

Hamiltonews

The First College News Magazine

DECEMBER 16, 1942

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* * HAMILTON IN THE WAR * *

Fraternities Induct 92 Members In Accelerated Initiation Program

Psi Upsilon Leads with 14 New Men; Delta Upsilon Second with Eleven Initiates

Hill fraternities last week initiated 92 new members, climaxing an easy and much-modified "Hell Week". Some fraternities decided to forego entirely the usual preliminaries to actual initiation, which lightened the traditional burdens of freshmen considerably.

Psi Upsilon initiated the greatest number of pledges with a total of fourteen, but Delta Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi were not far behind with eleven and ten, respectively.

The list of those initiated is as follows:

Sigma Phi (7): William F. Sherman, '45; Richard V. Baldwin, Nicholas K. Burns, Donald B. Davis, Harry M. Dent, Jr. Robert Hartshorne, Jr., Robert W. Smith, '46.

Alpha Delta Phi (10): Allen Bole, II, William H. Boynton, J. Clarke Cassidy, Robert E. Davis, Matthew C. Finn, John Hoopes, William P. Hypes, Merrill J. King, John Pillsbury, George W. Thompson, '46.

Psi Upsilon (14): Robert H. Dodd, John C. Farrell, John R. Jaenike, James Kent, Jr., Robert G. Knapp, Jr., Frederick S. Knight, Anthony R. Kuolt, Worth B. Lintz, Robert L. Massonneau, Bruce C. McLean, William G. McWilliams, Morgan Olcott, Jr., James C. Roberts, Jr., Edward C. Taylor, Jr., '46.

Delta Upsilon (11): William B. Seligmann, '43; David Lecour Parker, '45; Charles E. Bonner, C. Ben Brooks, Richard J. Butler, Thaddeus W. Clark, Gordon Davenport, James W. Judson, Charles E. Jurka, Daniel D. McGrath, Robert L. Severance, '46.

Chi Psi (8): William V. Bartlett, Charles G. Brink, John F. Kellog, William W. Lawrence, Jr., Lawrence W. Libby, Jr., Thompson M. Scoon, Jr., Herman Vanderwart, Jr., John D. Wayman, '46.

Delta Kappa Epsilon (9): Elliot N. Baldwin, Albert E. Beale II, Harry F. Biegler, III, Paul B. Boehm, Robert Booher, Bernard O. Burns, Robert G. Howard, Paul Reid, Jr., James P. S. Smyth, '46.

Theta Delta Chi (8): Donald Ghent, John Adams, Robert Bauer, Allan Schepper, James Gow, Kenneth Paul, Kenneth Westlye, Melvin Baker, '46.

Emerson Literary Society (9): Burton J. Bishow, Raymond W. Buecheler, William F. Freisem, Robert C. Hill, Edmund A. LeFevre, John V. McKinney, Robert I. Miller, Ralph E. Stranburg, Jr., John C. Swartz, '46.

Lambda Chi Alpha (8): Andrew F. Siedlecki, '45; Jason M. Bailey, William H. Dingleberry, Robert C. Kingsbury, William K. Lampman, Robert J. Pierce, Richard G. Toulson, Peter T. Woitach, '46.

Tau Kappa Epsilon (8): John K. Backus, Louis E. Baer, J. Robert Curry, Jr., Roswell G. Daniels, Ward R. Neely, Jack G. Record, John W. Sifton, David P. Williams, '46. A.H.O.

Hillmen to Represent Poland in Model League Assemblage

Hamilton has been granted its desire to represent Poland in the United Nations Conference on the Hill March 18-20, according to Milton P. Kayle, '43.

Professor Michael Heilperin, chairman, and Kayle, deputy secretary, attended the meeting of the Continuation Committee of the Model League Assembly of the League of Nations held in New York last weekend. Our two representatives and those from Bryn Mawr, Princeton, Haverford, and the University of Long Island assigned twenty nations of the United Nations to the colleges and universities that will be sending delegates to the United Nations Conference and selected Miss Rosalind Wright of Bryn Mawr to serve as president of the Conference. E.E.H.

Julie Elected 1943 Grid Captain

Football lettermen last Friday elected Roy E. Julie, Jr. captain of the 1943 Hamilton College football team.

After holding the center post on Hamilton's strongest frosh grid team in years, Roy moved right up to the varsity in his sophomore year and took over the middle position. Making few — if any — bad passes on offense, he shifted to line-backer on defense and, along with Dick Bagg, analyzed opposition plays, often stopping them before they really began.

With an early season leg injury never quite "right", Roy missed some playing time this season, but he more often played with a taped leg. J.E.M.

Courtmen Bow To Arnold Quintet

Arnold College's basketball combination scored its fourth triumph in six starts Tuesday evening as it rolled to a 43-25 win over the Hamilton basketball team in the Hill's first contest of the season.

Led by Captain Stan Nasczniec who scored ten points, the visitors outplayed the Hillmen in all but the last period. For Hamilton Doug Henry and Fritz Close were tied fo high scoring honors with six points each.

Mario Ponsalle made the play of the game when, in the last half, he intercepted a Continental pass and hooked it into the Hamilton basket.

Although Hamilton opened the scoring with two foul shots by Marse Rotundo, Arnold came on to score eight points and take a three point lead at the end of the initial period. The second period saw the visitors pick up another twelve counters to Hamilton's four.

Arnold continued its drive in the third quarter with fifteen points while holding Hamilton to five. The tide finally turned in the closing stanza as the Hill five picked up eleven points to Arnold's eight.

Arnold (43)

	G	F	T
Cresofi, rf	4	1	9
Thomson, lf	3	0	6
Ferry	1	2	4
Manila	0	0	0
Semenkovich, c	0	0	0
Lund	0	0	0
Nasczniec, rg	4	2	10
Ponsalle	1	3	5
Joy, lg	4	1	9
Wiser	0	0	0
Garrety	0	0	0
Total	17	9	43

Hamilton

	G	F	T
Jannone, rf	2	0	4
Gage	0	0	0
Henry, lf	3	0	6
Close, c	2	2	6
Rotundo, lg	0	3	3
Couper	0	0	0
Dodd	0	0	0
Whiting, rg	0	0	0
Hutchison	0	0	0
Wilson	1	2	4
Ponsalle	1	0	2
Total	9	7	25

J.K.B.

Official Report On Dartmouth Debates

Although Hamilton's position remains unchanged in the light of the official report on the Dartmouth Intercollegiate Debate Conference, held November 20 and 21, the standings of some of the other participants given in the last issue of **Hamiltonews** have been officially changed. The official report, as received from Dartmouth last week, is as follows:

M.I.T., Bates, and Dartmouth ended in a triple tie for first place, each team winning six debates and losing two. Hamilton, New Hampshire and Holy Cross tied for second place, with a score of five won and three lost. Third place went to Amherst, with a score of four and four. Fifth place was hotly contested with Wellesley, Williams, Brown and Colgate each winning three and losing five. Vermont had a score of two won and six lost, and Middlebury brought up the rear with a score of one and seven.

In addition to making team decisions, the judge of each debate gave each speaker a ranking on his speaking ability. The ranking was numerical, from 1 to 7, and thus the highest score possible for an individual speaker in the tournament was 28. The highest rankings went to men from Bates and M. I. T., with scores of 25-plus and 25. The rankings of Hamilton's representatives were as follows: Linowitz-22, Stone-22, Francis-21, Odell-18. R.D.S.

Theatre Group Play Stars Four Hillmen

Four Hamilton men will be in the cast and another will be the director when the Clinton Little Theatre Group presents "George Washington Slept Here" in the Clinton Central School auditorium on January 25.

Harlan Lewis, '34, Latimer B. Senior, '30, John A. Elliott, '35, and Graydon Staring, '46 are the actors concerned, while Philip E. Munson, '34, is the director. Lewis will play Mr. Prescott; Senior, Newton Fuller; Elliott, Uncle Stanley; and Staring, Mr. Kimber. Mrs. Fuller, the leading feminine role, will be played by Miss Mary Hallahan. The cast holds rehearsals three nights a week in the little theatre over Osborne and Osborne's print shop.

The movie version of the play, which the Clinton actors maintain bears little resemblance to the original Kaufman and Hart version, played at the Stanley a few weeks ago. The Warner Brothers' production starred Ann Sheridan and Jack Benny in the leading roles.

The proceeds of the Theater Group presentation will be turned over to the United Service Organizations (U.S.O.).

D.M.W.

Home for a Wartime Christmas

By John E. M. Tobin, '45

This week, as students packed their bags and consulted time tables in preparation for their annual exodus from the Hill at Christmas time, most of us were too busy with other things to think about our college. We have draft boards to see, presents to buy, jobs to do when we get home. Yet had we thought about the college, we would have realized that this semester has been the most momentous one in the history of Hamilton.

The war changed college life. First of all, some of the old familiar faces were missing. The nation had called. Then came summer session, truly a war baby. Men changed courses. Physics, math, and other things of more bearing on the war became the most popular courses on the curriculum. Lessons lengthened, work increased. Both professor and student were doing more work than they had done before. Men tried to get as much of their college education as possible before entering the service. Scores of students enlisted in reserve plans.

This fall we came back to college, much different from previous years. We have been over-electing courses, taking stiffer courses, working harder than ever before, to get ready for the service, to get ready to do the best job we can in beating the Axis. Our attitude towards the war has changed. People don't talk about finishing school before going into the army. Instead they talk about when they're going in, and how badly they want to go. A lot of fellows are fed up with school; are tired of "wait and see"; today we want to do something for our country.

We have probably had our last houseparty for the duration of the war. Social life is out. The college loafer is no longer betraying himself, and the trust placed in him by those who are giving him his opportunity; he is betraying his country. We don't have time to fool around. Most men know this. Some men, and some professors, don't yet realize it. We don't care any more for these academic discussions on "After we win the war, what are we going to do?" We know now that we don't **have** to win the war, and that right now we're standing a swell chance of losing it We want to do something now, so that we **will** win the war. Yes, Hamilton college has changed a lot.

Work is different for the college, too. The administration, from the president down, has more work to do about the war than it has about anything else. Next semester, things are going to be even more different. A great many men won't be here. Some will go immediately after Christmas, others at the end of the semester. They will be missed by those who remain. If too many go, the fraternity system will probably have to go into retirement for the duration. The two hundred meteorologists will make things seem a lot more like an army camp than a college.

When we go home for Christmas, we will discover that home is changed too. Besides the obvious things like rationing, we will notice how many more women there are than men, how many uniforms there are on the streets. Eyes will follow us, and parents and friends of servicemen will ask questions about us. "Home, sweet Home", won't be so sweet. Sooner or later we will realize that everyone has gone to war. A visit at home, if it does nothing else, will imbue the students with the seriousness of purpose which most people feel about the war. Time is too short, lives are too precious. We cannot fool around any longer.

Some time in the future, people may ask questions about what we thought during these hard days. Those who know will tell them that the college student of 1942 was as patriotic, as earnest as anyone could be in his fervent wish that his country be victorious. He wanted to do his share. And he did.

Winter Graduation Committees Named

Despite the war-enforced accelerated graduation and the abbreviated one-day commencement program, some forty Hamilton seniors will share most of the institutions that go along with the normal graduation. This was revealed yesterday morning in a statement by Lyman Ogilby, senior class president, in announcing the class committees for the February 7th exercises.

The committees and their chairmen are as follows:

Cap and Gown: David Mead, Chairman, Vincent Cardone, John Carpenter.

Senior Dance: William Johnson, Chairman, Richard Stockton, William Schmidt.

Invitations: Richard Devine, Chairman, Howard Ostrander, Richard Valone.

Senior Gift: Alexander Hamilton, Chairman, George Overhiser, Kenneth Mackay.

J.A.

Music

College Choir Recital To be Held Dec. 17

The Christmas program of the College Choir will be performed under the direction of Paul Adee Fancher on Thursday evening, December 17, in the Hall of Commons. The program, which will feature music related to Christmastide, will be divided into three groups, German Carols, French Carols, and English Carols.

The significance of the concert cannot be overlooked. With the future of our college careers so vague and so liable to be cut short soon, next Thursday's concert will probably be the last in which the Hamilton College Choir will be heard in a concert for some time. It is hoped that a really good turn-out will be found at that time.

L.H.B.

Bond Goal Topped; Hell Week Stopped

The freshman pledges of Tau Kappa Epsilon didn't have any scavenger hunts last week, they didn't have any long hikes home from remote places in the surrounding countryside, and they didn't carry candy and cigarettes to please the whims of the fraternity members.

Those freshmen simply took "Hell" right out of "Hell Week".

Teke sophomores informed the freshmen that they would be spared a "Hell Week" if they obtained war bond pledges amounting to the seemingly improbable goal of $1000 in a period of one week. But the freshmen went to work.

Saturday evening at their initiation banquet, the freshmen made their final report — $4225 in war bond pledges received and $10.00 in war stamps sold The eight men put in a total of 45 hours on the project, for an average of $93.88 in bond pledges per hour. J.E.M.

ADP Play Postponed

The war has, in an indirect way, even affected the production of the annual Alpha Delt Christmas play. Because of hurried initiations, the yearly dramatic presentation presented for the faculty has been postponed until after Christmas, Robert Rudd, director, revealed. J.A.

Hitzelberger Engagement Announced

Miss Lois C. Hitzelberger, "secretary to the Secretary of Admissions", has announced her engagement to Lt. Robert C. Snyder, U.S.M.C., of Utica. The wedding will take place during the Christmas holidays, and Miss Hitzelberger will probably not return to her position after Christmas vacation. J.E.M.

Postings List 126 Men

Over half of the members of the lower classes were listed with the posting of the second warnings of the semester as 126 lowerclassmen were found below par in 221 of their courses.

The sophomores had 57 men named, an increase of one over the first warning. The second-year men seemed to have the most trouble with Mathematics 3, Chemistry 5, and English Literature 1.

Freshman increased their posting number by 13 in having 84 on the failing or near failing list. English Composition, History 1, Math 1A and 1B seemed most difficult for the frosh. J.E.M.

Meteorology Popular

Meteorology is becoming popular here at Hamilton.

In the first batch of mail Wednesday morning answering letters to high school principals in New York and New Jersey came 50 letters, 30 special delivery letters, and 15 telegrams requesting further information about the Hamilton College C meteorology course.

Students here at Hamilton are also taking Dean Dickson's advice to register their interest in one of the meteorological training courses. 59 men have so far expressed an interest in the plan: six seniors, ten juniors, 17 sophomores, and 26 freshmen. J.E.M.

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WHC Airs Discussions By Debate Group

The Hamilton Debate Group presented over WHC the first of a series of radio programs entitled "The Student Discusses" last Thursday night at 9:30 The subject of the discussion was the current Indian situation, and several of the problems involved in the question of Indian independence were aired by the four speakers.

The personnel of this first Debate Group round table consisted of Robert D. Stone, '44, as chairman, Elton L. Francis, '45, Robert W. Odell, '44, and R. Robert Linowitz, '44. The problems diccussed were the relationship of India to the war effort of the United Nations, the ethical standards involved in the settlement of the Indian situation, and the problems within India that make Indian independence undesirable.

The purpose of the entire series, during the course of which many problems of current interest will be discussed, is to clarify in the mind of the listener some of the facts and viewpoints relative to those problems. It is felt that such an approach to some of the many problems brought about by the war will stimulate thinking on those problems on the part of the college student who may some day have a hand in attempting to settle them.

The second program in the series will be heard this Thursday evening at 9:30 over WHC. The Indian situation will again be under discussion, and the tangible questions, "What does India want?" and "What is Britain prepared to give?" will be brought up.

Later programs in the series will deal will various possibilities under the heading of "The Post-War World". R.D.S.

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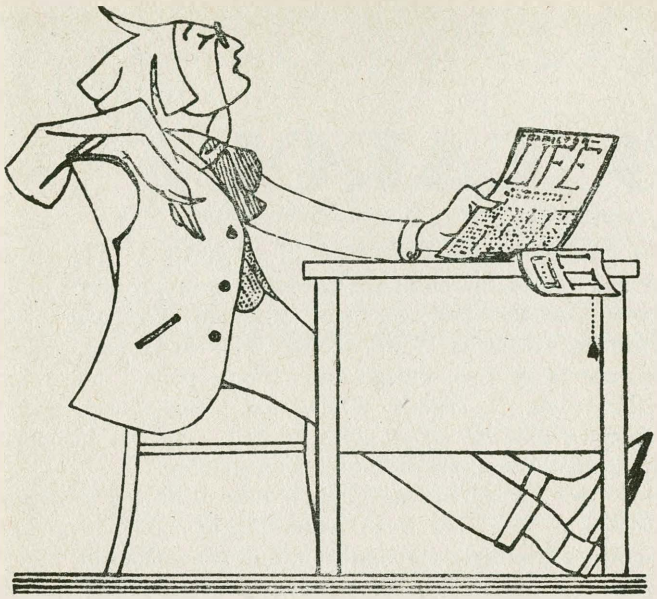


NOTA BENE

We went over to the D. U. House the other day for some reason we've forgotten now and ran into Eric, the Great Dane, who was reading *Mein Kampf* in the library. We asked him about the book, not having read it ourself, and he informed us that he considered it one of the great works of recent times.

"Not in a literary sense, you understand," he said, marking the page with his tail, "Simply because it has proved once and for all that men are more hypocritical than ostriches." We must have looked a little slow on the take, for he explained with a trace of irritation in his voice. "Mr. Hitler called every one of his shots in this book years ago. Now an ostrich, scenting danger, would have stuck his head in the sand. Man, on the other hand, merely turned his back. Hypocrisy." We felt quite humble for our race.

It seems that Eric is a great newspaper-reader. Though generally noncommittal, he confessed that his favorite reading was *My Day* by Mrs. Roosevelt. "It just seems to suit me",he said, drooling slightly.

We asked him how he stood in the draft, to which he cheerfully replied that, being only four years old, he was slightly underage. "I expect that I'll be called soon, however", he said. "I shall do my part willingly and with seriousness of purpose." He said that he foresaw that his race would soon follow the example set by ours, and induct Cats into the armed forces. "And what a fuss there'll be over THAT!", he added. "Bells, ribbons, God-knows what-all!"

He looked depressed and not being sure whether he WAS depressed or whether his face was just made that way, we tried to cheer him up by asking where he was going over Christmas vacation.

"I don't know," he said gloomily, "With Hank, I imagine. Just doesn't seem like Christmas this year, does it? I have a small nephew who believes in Santa Claus, and I had to spend all of yesterday afternoon in Mankiewitz's Department Store with him."

"Mankiewitz's?" I asked.

"Santa Claus", he told us. "He works for them."

"Well, Merry Christmas, anyhow," we said, determined to be cheerful.

"Silent night, holy night. O little town of Lidice, how still we see thee lie. Peace on earth, good will to men", he said reflectively. "A Merry Christmas to you, too."

We were silent for a moment, thinking on the forlorn and tragic wreck Man had wrought in his world. Thinking out loud, we muttered, "It shouldn't happen to a dog."

"It never does", he said, once again immersing himself in his book.

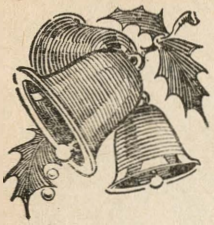
* * *

Incongruous as the team of Prettyman-Knudson-Fling may seem at first glance, they do get things done. We take last week's showing of CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS as a definite sign of life from the faculty. Very heartening, indeed. Also very heartening was the well-nigh professional air of the whole thing. After all, there really isn't any reason why it shouldn't have been professional — Mr. Knudson's profession is French, Mr. Fling is an expert in the curiosa of sound, and we can imagine how simple it must have been for Mr. Prettyman to string up a screen. After all, he's been doing the same sort of thing to students for months, now. The point of all this, however, is that we think it's swell and hope it bodes even more good for the future. Might there be Saturday night movies on the Hill? Might we escape the long, fruitless trek to Utica to see a flick, the sore dispositions and chapped thumbs from trying to bum back, might we actually, yes actually, be able to buy a package of cigarettes on a Saturday night? Think of it! The films wouldn't have to be ne plus ultra, just decent entertainment, and the student-body would be more than willing to pay any fair price. It's a fine idea, and, we hope, a possibility to look forward to this winter.

* * *

Our first, and we are sure our nicest, Christmas present came the other day in the form of a little poem culled from our fellow-columnist, W. Winchell. It was spotted and passed on to us by one of our more hawk-eyed friends, and we herewith present it to you.

Sally's back from Hollywood,
Safe from all its perils.
Sally's reputation's good —
No hits, no runs, no Errols.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

or

XMAS MARKS THE SPOT

by

CH*RL*S D*CK*NS

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the curbstone, Stooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner — and a good thing for the city, too. Mayor LaGuardia had once been overheard to remark to Eleanor Roosevelt, quite audibly, that Old Stooge was the most efficacious, efficient, and effectual D. S. C. man he, the Mayor, had ever encountered, if a trifle cold. And what a shrivelled, sharp, frosty old man was Stooge! No one ever stopped him in the street to say, "My dear Stooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" and for all too obvious a reason. But old Stooge kept the city streets immaculate, and if he was called a mean old skinflint — and he was, often — what did he care? It was the very thing he liked, his job, in fact, to pounce upon trifles that others had carelessly let fall.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, Christmas Eve — old Stooge was sitting before his fire. It was cold, dark, bleak, biting weather; foggy withal. His underling, Snaksle, was sitting disconsolately warming himself over a small can of Sterno, at a safe distance from the fire.

"Christmas," said Stooge grimly. And followed it up with "Humbug".

"Christmas a humbug, Sir?" said Snaksle, choking slightly on a mouthful of Sterno. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Stooge.

"Sir!" pleaded Snaksle.

"Snaksle," returned Stooge sternly, "I do too! Good afternoon."

"Well," said Snaksle, finishing off his Sterno, "Merry Christmas anyhow."

"Good afternoon," said Stooge.

"And a Happy New Year," Snaksle returned, regretfully licking the lid of the can.

"Good afternoon," said Stooge.

"And a Joyous Fourth of July, too, Sir," cried Snaksle.

"Good afternoon," said Stooge, with some heat, "and get the hell out of here!"

Snaksle was out the door in a twinkling. He had another can of Sterno at the hardware store, in honor of its being Christmas-eve, and then ran all the way home to the Bellevue Alcoholic Ward, to play blindman's buff. After a moment or two, Stooge said, "Pooh, pooh," and a few other pure, if slightly adulterated, Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, and set about going to bed. As was his habit, he instantly dropped off into a deep slumber.

As the bell of the Church next door tolled twelve, Stooge awoke. The room, astonishingly enough, was brilliantly, glitteringly, lustrously lit, and for a moment, Stooge thought he must be, too. Stooge found himself staring, slightly crosseyed it is true, into the face of an unearthly visitor. It was a strange figure. From head to toe, from crown to heel, from top to bottom, it was dressed only in bright red tissue-paper and a silver ribbon which ended in a huge bow around its middle. Its body was square and rattled invitingly when it moved. When Stooge could get his breath and calm the beating of his heart, he made bold to ask just who, or rather "what", the creature was.

"I am the Ghost of a Christmas Present," it said in a soft voice.

"Whence come you?" asked Stooge humbly.

"Sak's Fifth Avenue," the Present replied imperturbably. "I have come to show you what you might have been. Rise and walk with me. Better put your shoes on first though."

"I have them on," said Stooge, hopping nimbly out of bed.

"Come along, then," said the Present, taking his hand. They floated quite effortlessly out of the window and over the housetops.

Just as Stooge was beginning to wonder whether they might not be taken for Stukas and shot at, they reached Fifth Avenue. The Present alighted on the balustrade outside a window of a large mansion. When they had gotten their breath, the Present pointed wordlessly — and rather rudely — to the lighted room within, and Stooge cried in great excitment, "Why, it's Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt! Bless her heart! It's Mrs. Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue again!" How often had he seen poor Mrs. Vanderbilt hobbling bravely from her Mercedes town-car to the doors of the Met.!

Just then, Mrs. Vanderbilt looked at the shabby little mantel-clock, set in a square emerald, and, having finished her charming arrangement of the placecards, pushed a bell. The great doors opened, and in came the party. And such a party it was! There came the whole family, of course, and what a charming, happy, laughing group THEY were! In came Cornelius, Jr., beaming and rosy, for all the world as though he didn't have to stuff his shoes with thousand-dollar bills to keep out the bitter cold. In came Miss Gloria, sweet and lovely, on the arm of her first husband, Pasquale. In came Mrs. Cavanaugh, dressed out but poorly

(*Continued on Page* 8)

"...AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES"

This is the second installment of a true story about a French-born American citizen who is captured by Nazis while fighting for France in 1939. He escapes when three prisoners break the neck of the German guard...Henri Dupont, now free, tries to make his way south to Unoccupied France.

The peasant came up to Henri. He spoke softly. "You fought for us," he said. "Come, you must come with me in my wagon. I'll give you a coat to cover your uniform. Together we go south before the Germans come."

Henri was relieved to have such an invitation as this, and immediately he and the peasant commenced their trip.

"I know that I'll wake up some day," the peasant said after a few minutes of silence, "that I'll wake up some day and find France free again. The Americans will come. Just wait until they hear what the Nazis, what the *sales Boches* have done. They will come at once...."

Henri made no reply. He was devoted to the land he had adopted, but he feared that the Americans were not coming, at least not yet.

"Yes, the Americans will come. Just wait!" the peasant said again. As he spoke he struck the horses with a whip. Was he sincere in his faith in the American, Henri wondered, or was he simply indulging in wishful thinking? Henri did not choose to doubt the peasant's confidence.

....It was a week before Henri reached Marseille. The sunny days gave little evidence of the imminent danger of which the tired soldier was aware.

"I must keep fairly under cover," Henri thought as he walked down a narrow little street. "As soon as I get my credentials I must leave for North Africa."

But it took some time for the proper credentials to be obtained. While waiting for these to arrive, Henri would retire to the countryside for several days, returning now and then to see whether the papers were ready.

At last, the credentials arrived.

"You had better leave Marseille at once," an official warned Henri. "A man asked whether I had seen you yesterday. He said he was a member of your company."

Henri gasped. Of course, now that he was free again, he was really A. W. O. L. It didn't take him long to leave the city. By bribing a sailor, Henri was able to get aboard a boat sailing for Morocco. During the trip, which took twenty-four hours longer than usual, Henri hid in a barrel at the stern of the ship. Naturally, being a stowaway, he had to be very careful in leaving the boat. As he watched passengers going down the gangplank, Henri caught sight of a large family. The father and mother were so preoccuppied with watching their seven ill-mannered children, that they took no notice at all of one more head in their brood. That head was Henri's.

Henri still had a good bit of money left, but money was not enough to get passage on a steamer to South America.

"There are no boats," a sailor told him, "which have any room for more passengers before 1942!"

The sailor was right. At the offices of all the steamship lines the same news was given him: no more room for a year.

Henri Dupont tried not to let this discouraging news take away all hope of ever reaching America during the war. Two days after his last visit to a steamship line, Henri arrived at the frontier on a funny old train that at several points during the trip had seemed on the verge of collapsing. He stepped down from the train and was met by a surly customs inspector who at once demanded to see his little suitcase, all that he had with him.

"No money goes over the border, you!" he shouted at Henri gruffly. "....and the border is just beyond that road."

As the inspector fumbled in the suitcase, Henri took a package of cigarettes, emptied it, filled it with paper money, waded the package up, and threw it on the ground.

"Got any money? You must," the inspector said looking at Henri quizzically.

"Yes, but only silver," Henri replied as he put a handful of coins into the official's hand.

"Get out of here, you dirty pig! Why did I ever waste my time on you! Only a handful of coins!" The inspector cursed as Henri started to walk towards the road slowly. The French soldier had only his little suitcase, but he walked very slowly playing with a discarded cigarette package on the ground. He knocked it along with his foot. It was not long before he reached the border. Quietly, Henri picked up the cigarette package, took out his money again, and then went on his way again in new territory.

No better news was forthcoming. Steamers were all booked for the year, and there was already a long waiting list of people eager to fill any last-minute vacancies.

"What do you want me to do, cry about it?" an agent on one line asked Henri.

Just then, a handsome, dark girl came over to the agent. "Perhaps, monsieur would like to charter a plane."

"A plane? All the way to America!" The agent scoffed. "You're mad, Laurella!"

"No, not for America, but for Spain, for Portugal. Perhaps then the Clipper?" She looked at Henri.

The little soldier looked at her for a moment, smiled, and said, "Thank you. I should like very much.... I have money."

"There is one fellow, his name Recaldron, who can take you. He is the only person, but you can find him somewhere about the city. I'll write his name for you. Everybody knows him very well. You should have no trouble." The girl wrote the name for Henri.

He looked at the scrap of paper. "How can I ever....."

"Good-bye, soldier," she said, returning to her desk.

....All over town people admitted knowing the pilot, Mr. Racaldron, but nobody seemed to know just where the

(*Continued on next page*)

Against a Sea of Troubles

man could be located.

At last, Henri met a young messenger boy who agreed to help him find Racaldron. Together, the two searched every saloon in the city. It was late in the evening, when finally Racaldron was found in a smoke-filled dingy bar. He was dead drunk.

The boy and Henri together managed to get the thirsty pilot to a small hotel room for the night. Henri never went to bed. He was afraid his stout, snoring friend might slip away.

It was early the next morning that Racaldron commenced to groan. He mumbled a few disjointed phrases as he awakened.

"What the h....!" Racaldron jumped suddenly. "What on earth did you bring me here for, Bosco!"

"My name is Henri," was the reply.

"Now isn't that pretty! Henri, you say? Listen here, Bosco, why the heck am I here in this room and being watched over like this!"

"I wish to charter a plane for Spain, or Portugal, if you will do it," Henri said. "If you'll do it, I'll pay you substantially"

The pilot listened to Henri more interestedly after breakfast. Yes, he agreed to take Henri over.

"If you don't get through customs, Bosco," the pilot said, letting out his belt, "I'll bring you back for nothing. I'll be coming back here anyway, right after."

....In an antique plane, to say the least, protuberant Racaldron and his "Bosco" went on their rough trip to the Continent.

It took them several hours to reach Lisbon, Portugal. When at last, the pair landed, Racaldron warned Henri to hide his money in going through customs. He did so by putting a few bills around the bottom of a tooth-brush he kept in a celluloid container. The official took some razor blades but never touched the tooth-brush container.

Henri thanked Racaldron and watched the plane disappear into the heavy clouds overhead.

"He was a funny chap," Henri thought, "and he called me 'Bosco'. What a name!"

....There were no Clipper reservations to be had, but Henri had just enough money to wire his brother-in-law in New York for some more and stating his curious situation. The wire reached an overjoyed little company on Park Avenue. The Soap Poster department officials came eagerly to re-read the news that their little friend was still alive.

"We must act fast," one gentleman said. "Get me Washington at once."

An hour or two later Cordell Hull was called to the phone. The case was put before him. Mr. Hull said he would wire at once. Henri Dupont would get passage on the Clipper to leave the following day.

....He did, too. He has been here ever since.

Three weeks ago, Henri was drafted as a buck private. A hoarse-voiced sergeant came up to the new group of drafteees. As he passed down the line, he came to a little, dark-haired man "who talks funny."

"Your name, you?" the sergeant asked.

"Henry" was the terse reply.

LEE HASTINGS BRISTOL

Christmas Carol

in a last year's Schapairelli, but brave in Papal decorations which are cheap and make a goodly show. In came Doris Duke Cromwell and Brenda Frazier, their lovely, healthy faces aglow with laughter at Peter Arno and Lucius Beebe, who escorted them. And last of all came little Alfred Gwynne. Alas for Alfred Gwynne, he bore a crutch, a present from a recalcitrant racehorse.

"And how did Alfred Gwynne behave?" asked Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"As good as gold," said Cornelius, Jr., "and better. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him at the Stork because he was a cripple, and it might keep the damn fools away from horses."

Cornelius' voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Alfred Gwynne was growing strong and healthy.

Then in came the goose! And what a goose it was! They all said they'd never SEEN such a goose before, let alone actually GETTING one. A noble fowl! Little Doris Duke nearly choked on her star-sapphire necklace, which she was chewing to stave off the pangs of hunger. For the occasion Mrs. Vanderbilt had even brough out her last fifty cases of Chateau-Yquem 1928, and how good it did taste! Mrs. Vanderbilt rose, tears in her eyes, and raising her poor, chipped platinum goblet, proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God help us."

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God help us every one!" said little Alfred Gwynne, the last of all.

Stooge was very much moved. The Present leaned over and whispered, "What is that in your eye, Stooge?"

"Only a slight glaze," replied Stooge. "But, Present, you seem to be shrinking, and your ribbon has lost its lustre."

The Present sighed. "My time is growing short. I'm only from Macy's basement now," and vanished.

OTIS MUNRO BIGELOW

47 Receive Awards for Sport Participation

Varsity letter awards to 47 men for participation in fall sports was announced by Student Council President Lyman C. Ogilby in chapel last Friday. Football was represented by 26 men, and soccer by 21 as freshman eligibility rules in their first season of applicability brought awards to nine men.

In the football awards, four seniors, ten juniors, seven sophomores, and five freshmen earned their letters, while seven seniors, three juniors, seven sophomores, and four freshmen won their varsity "H" in soccer.

Fred J. Smith, '44, was named manager of football for next season, and Robert E. Jones, '45, and Richard D. McLean, '45, were appointed assistant managers. W. David Winter, '44, was named manager of soccer for 1943, and Robert P. Pratt, '45, is assistant manager.

The lettermen: Football —

1943 — William M. Bristol, III, Milton H. Jannone, Lyman C. Ogilby, Robert W. Rosenblatt.

1944 — Richard C. Bagg, Philip H. Dodd, Jr., Richard S. Farr, John M. Hastings, Jr., Kurt L. Hoch, Roy E. Julie, Jr., Douglas W. Kuhn, Alfred E. Loveland, Jr., John B. Root, John E. Williams, Jr.

1945 — Gilbert F. Adams, Atherton Bristol, Robert R. Cowan, Robert J. Emery, Frederick W. Griffith, Charles H. Redmond, John A. Richardson.

1946 — Bernard O. Burns, Matthew C. Finn, Jr., Robert D. Hartshorne, Jr., Allen E. Schepper, Earle E. Wilson.

Soccer —

1943 — Thomas J. Adams, David F. Barber, Douglas W. Gray, Marcello G. Rotundo, Charles B. Tennant, George C. Towe, James M. Walker.

1944 — Richard W. Couper, John W. Hayden, Warren J. Kelley.

1945 — Peter P. A. Burnett, Albert G. Butzer, Jr., David M. Close, Hoyt H. Harmon, Jr., Arnold F. Keller, Jr., Russel F. Sammis, Jr., William G. Scott.

1946 — Robert W. Bauer, Burton J. Bishow, Anthony R. Kuolt, John Pillsbury. J.E.M.

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Along the Way

By Bob Rosenblatt, '43

Early this week Roy Julie was elected captain of the 1943 Hamilton football team. No one knows whether Hamilton will play intercollegiate football next year; for that matter, no one knows whether or not there will be any intercollegiate football whatsoever next year. But in any event Roy Julie will never again play for the Buff and Blue.

Next September the Continental captain-elect will pack his bags, leave his Alma Mater and begin his 90-day journey on the road to a commission as an Ensign in the United States Navy.

Some people may wonder why Hamilton's 26 lettermen elected as next year's captain, a man who will never lead his team out against its gridiron rivals! However, for those who knew Roy Julie there is no question whatsoever in mind. No one deserved the honor more than Roy; no one worked or played harder than Roy; and certainly no one had more of a fighting football heart than Roy.

It would be a shame to deny to him the honor which he so deserves, merely because he is accelerating his college career to aid his country. The men on the team saw this and they kept it in mind when they cast their ballots.

Though Roy will not be in uniform next year, and though he may not see even one Continental game next year, we know that his thoughts and his heart and his soul will be riding with the Big Blue in every one of their seven games. We also know that the team will remember Roy and win those games for him — and for all the other juniors who are giving up their third year of football to fight for their country — Dick Farr, Doug Kuhn, Jack Hastings, and Johnny Root.

We know that next year's eleven will get out on that field determined to win, and will fight as Roy would have them fight. It will be as though Roy himself were leading them out, when they clash with R. P. I. next October.

Intramurals

Emerson Literary Society has jumped into an early lead in the Intramural Basketball League. With Jackie Hunt pacing the attack, E.L.S. has hung up two impressive victories. First the Dekes fell before the Emerson juggernaut, after staging a brilliant rally which fell two points short of victory. The second victim was Delta Upsilon. In this contest, E. L. S. really went wild and won easily 65-18, scoring twenty points in the third period alone.

The Psi U's also got off to a good start by snowing under the Alpha Delts 24-14. Bill Bennett rang up ten points to pace the Psi U. offensive. The Psi U's jumped into an early lead and never relinquished it.

The Buff Squires gave indications that they are going to be the team to beat this year. With a well balanced squad of experienced men, they polished off the powerful Chi Psi combination 35-22. Al Grayson played a beautiful game, and his work under the basket was largely responsible for the overwhelming victory.

In other games the Theta Delts defeated the Blue Squires, with Lee Bolte leading the way. Hippety Hypes paced the Alpha Delts to a thrilling 35-34 victory over the Sigs. Hypes connected for twelve points, while Mac Bristol was top scorer for the Sigs. S.B.R.

Swimmers Prepare For Rochester Meet

Coach Mark Randall will take the wraps off Hamilton's first intercollegiate swimming team Saturday when the local mermen invade the University of Rochester.

In the season's first two meets, the Yellowjackets have splashed to victories over Niagara University and Oberlin College, last year's Ohio champion. In the words of Coach Randall, "Rochester is one of the outstanding teams in New York State."

On the results of an inter-squad meet held last Friday before a slim "Hell Week" crowd Mead, Wahl, Slomka, Kent, McGhee, Rueckert, Cantor, Insley, Selingo, Vetter, Sage and Freudenberger were selected as those dennitely making the Rochester trip. Other participants will be chosen from later time trials.

Last Friday saw an aggregation headed by Dave Mead defeat another group under the captaincy of Fred Rueckert. The winners piled up 36 points to 29 by the opposition. The resuts of the meet are listed below:

330 yard medley relay—
1. Mead, Kent, Farrell; time: 3:40.
200 yard freestyle—
1. Ruekert, 2. Selingo, 3. Cantor; time: 2:43.6.
50 yard freestyle—
1. Mead, 2. Wahl, 3. Howard; time: 26.1.
100 yard freestyle—
1. Mead, 2. Wahl, 3. Howard; time 59.4.
150 yard backstroke —
1. Slomka, 2. Kingsbury, time: 1:56.2.
200 breaststroke—
1. Kent, 2. McGhee, 3. Butzer; time: 3:11.
440 freestyle—
1. Ruekert, 2. Mead, 3. Cantor; no time recorded.
400 yard freestyle relay—
1. Cantor, Insley, McGhee, Rueckert. J.K.B.

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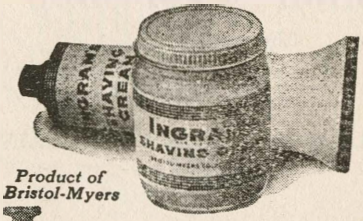

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It's important this year to get tickets and information in advance and to leave as far ahead of Christmas as possible. Greyhound will make every effort to serve students on Holiday trips — but you can help by taking less baggage than usual, by going in mid-week if possible, and by taking unavoidable inconveniences or delay with a smile.

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II. The Cure for Insignificance

Few thinkers will deny that a small college has certain advantages over a large institution. But a dispute will often arise as to the point at which a small college ends and a large college or university begins. To most Hamilton alumni, a large college may be definied as any institution with an enrollment over 450. Many Colgate men would set the figure at 1200. A good share of Dartmouth alumni would say 2500. A glance at Noah Webster gives some indication why this disparity of opinion exists. Webster's first two definitions of the adjective "small" define the word as (1) "comparatively little in size" and (2) "unimportant or insignificant". The first definition is obviously the one the alumni of Hamilton, Colgate, and Dartmouth refer to, but the second is that accepted by the great majority of Americans when they think of Hamilton.

Generally speaking, Hamilton is always associated with "unimportant and insignificant" rather than with "comparatively little in size". The same stigma seldom falls on Colgate, Amherst, Williams, Swarthmore, or Wesleyan. Yet by their own admisions, they too are small colleges. Now, disregarding all loyalty to Hamilton as alma mater, the stigma of insignificance, regardless of the social or intellectual status of those for whom it seems real, does have a decidedly detrimental effect on the general welfare of the college.

First of all, it breeds a feeling of inferiority among Hamilton undergraduates. Everyone knows the time-honored gripe of the freshman who goes home for his first vacation only to be asked "What happened to Yakapovitch in the Syracuse game?" or, worse still, "How's the weather down in Alabama?" Secondly, alumni are prone to feel inferior when associating with graduates of other institutions. When asked where they went to college, many give the name of their graduate school rather than undergo a lengthy explanation of Hamilton's location and background. Thirdly, prospective students of Hamilton calibre in high schools and preparatory schools flock to Colgate, Amherst, Williams, Bowdoin and so on, not because they want a large college, but because "small" when applied to Hamilton means to them insignificance. Lastly, Hamilton's stigma has sent many excellent men of the teaching profession, among them even her own alumni, to posts in colleges where "small" is not an adjective of derision.

The stigma attached to Hamilton's name undoubtedly has many roots. Of these, one is by for the deepest. This primary root is her diminutive size. Hamilton is not only a small college, it is an extremely small college. A glance at the Educational Directory of the United States Office of Education for 1941 will prove this. Of the 11 colleges in the East which President Cowley used for comparison with Hamilton in his survey of the curriculum in 1940, the Directory lists Allegheny as having 717 students, Amherst, 853, Bowdoin, 614, Haverford, 336, Hobart, 574, Rochester, 2301, Swarthmore, 765, Trinity, 568, Union, 774, Wesleyan, 761, and Williams, 842.

These statistics prove conclusively that every college or university President Cowley selected for comparison is, with one exception, larger than Hamilton by at least 134 students. Wesleyan, Williams, and Amherst, three which Hamilton should equal in distinction, are almost twice as large. This evidence points towards an obvious conclusion, that in the eyes of an average American there is some correlation between the number of students and the relative importance ascribed to a given college.

This evidence also justifies the assumption that Hamilton, were she to increase her student body by 200 or more men, would escape the odium of insignificance and attain a position where "small" when applied to her would signify only a relative degree in size.

An increase in numbers in the student body would bring Hamilton positive benefits which are worth looking into. Take, for example, the influence it would wield on her intercollegiate sports. From an enrollment of 700 men, her coaches would have a broader field from which to select material for her athletic teams than they have from an enrollment of 450. A glance at the athletic records of schools like Williams and Amherst is ample proof of that. To many ardent Hamiltonians, a desire for winning athletic teams may seem a reversion from the baser instincts of the race. Winning athletic teams, nevertheless, do have a definite influence on the repute of the college. The publicity gained by Hamilton's 1941 football team and by the article about Milt Jannone in **The Saturday Evening Post** did more than her mossbacks will admit to acquire Hamilton the slight renown, great in comparison with that of previous years, which she now enjoys.

An enlarged student body would, in addition, mean that more Hamiltonians would be going home every year to impress prospective students, that larger numbers of alumni would be sending sons of friends and eventually of their own to Hamilton. An enlarged student body would attract professors who now set their sights on other colleges merely because Hamilton is too small.

(to be continued)

Post Mortem

The days until Christmas vacation dragged until the North Dormers began the ceremony of marking off the days. Each night as the 9:00 bell tolls, books bang shut and fellows rush out into the fourth floor hall, where a guest speaker makes an appropriate speech, marks off the day and tears off one piece of paper from the number of days remaining. Then taps is blown, a moment of silence ensues and ofttimes the boys troop back to their books.

At first only a few on the fourth floor attended the ceremony, but by now all floors of North are represented, and more students are welcome. E.E.H.

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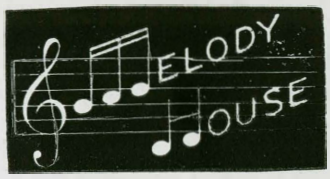

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